

round, Is my creeper. I have
 tended
 it and watered it from the
 time when
 it had pushed up only two
 little
 leaves into the air, like an
 infant's
 cry. This creeper is me,—it has
 grown
 by the road-side, it can be st>
 easily
 crushed. Do you see these
 beautiful
 little flowers, pale blue with
 white
 spots in their hearts ?—these
 white
 spots are their dreams. Let
 me gently
 brush your forehead with these
 flowers.
 To me, things that are
 beautiful are
 the keys to all that I have
 not seen
 and not known.

Sanyasi

No, no, the beautiful is
 mere phan-
 tasy. To him who knows, the
 dust
 and the flower are the same.
 —But
 what languor is this that is
 creeping
 into my blood and drawing
 before my
 eyes a thin mist veil of all the
 rainbow
 colours ? Is it Nature herself
 weaving